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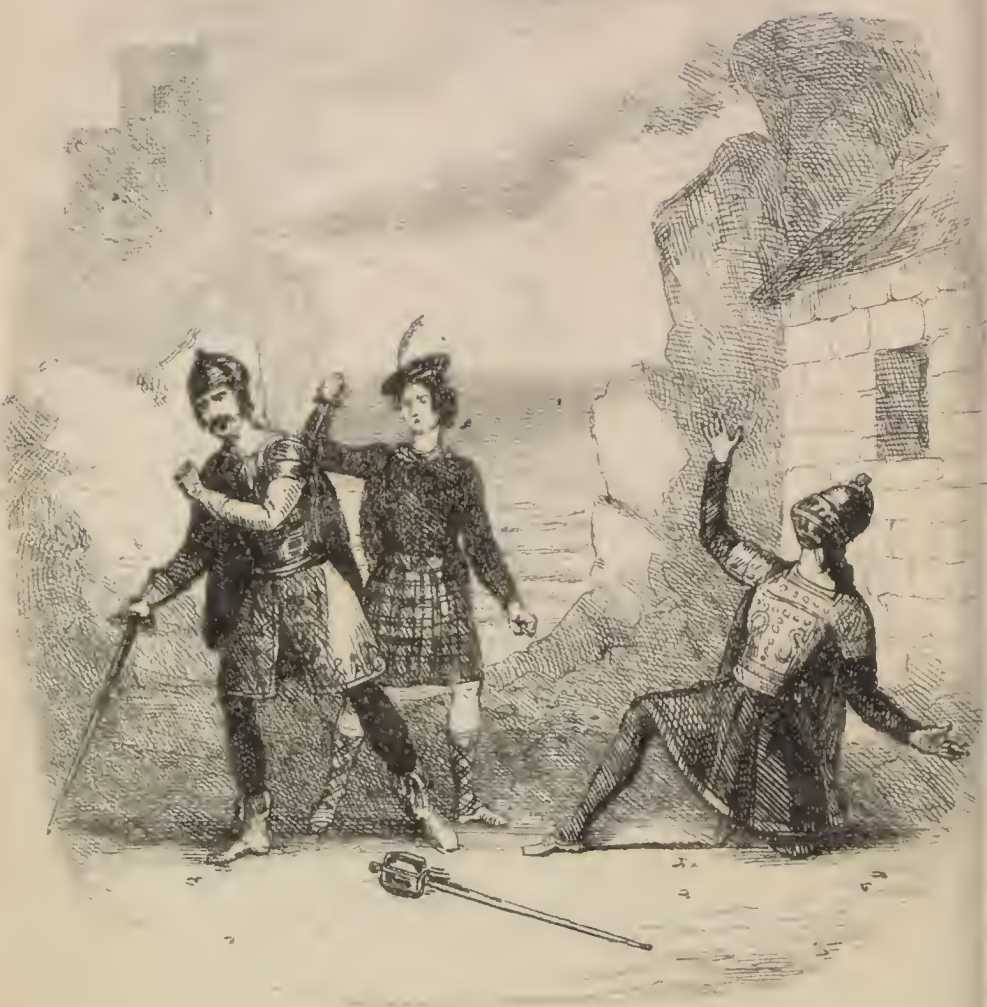
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King Robert the Bruce.

ALEXANDRA. / *Disguised as the Red Rover, combats with Ayloffe.*
At length I've escaped!

Act 2. Scene 1.

KING ROBERT THE BRUCE,

O !,

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN:

AN HISTORICAL DRAMA,

IN

Three Acts.

BY JOHN KERR AND M. CORRI.

THE ONLY EDITION CORRECTLY MARKED, BY PERMISSION,
FROM THE PROMPTER'S BOOK.

To which is added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—
THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,
SITUATIONS—ENTRANCES—EXITS—PROPERTIES, AND
DIRECTIONS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
London Theatres.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,
By Mr. Fladlay, from a Drawing, taken expressly in the Theatre.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY JOHN DUNCOMBE,
17, HOLBORN HILL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SCOTCH.

Original Cast. T. R. Edinburgh

<i>Baliol</i>	Mr. Hutton.	Mr. Gray.
<i>Robert the Bruce</i>	Mr. Cobham.	Mr. Munro.
<i>Earl of Angus</i>	Mr. Shepherd.	Mr. Jervis.
<i>Sir Roger Fitzpatrick</i> ..	Mr. Williams.	Mr. Parker.
<i>Cummin</i>	Mr. Burroughs.	Mr. Reilly.
<i>Walter Ross</i>	Mr. Bradley.	Mr. Montague.
<i>Lindsay</i>	Mr. Gough.	Mr. Dearlove.
<i>Officer</i>	Mr. Coreno.	Mr. H. Simpson.
<i>Bruce's Page</i>	Miss Williams.	Miss Ensoe.
<i>Donald, son of W. Ross</i>	Miss Kerr.	Miss Gordon.
<i>Geordy</i>	Mr. H. Beverley.	Mr. Best.
<i>Tom McDonald</i>	Mr. Penson.	Mr. Kinloch.
<i>Jane, wife of W. Ross</i> ..	Mrs. Simmons.	Miss J. Nicol.

ENGLISH.

<i>King Edward the First</i> ..	Mr. Mortimer.	Mr. Provan.
<i>Aymer de Valence</i>	Mr. Lewis.	Mr. Flingham.
<i>Earl Hastings</i>	Mr. Roottom.	Mr. Bell.
<i>Jackstone, } Soldiers. {</i>	Mr. Cook.	Mr. Flower.
<i>Bagster. } </i>	Mr. Blanchard.	Mr. Lee.
<i>Alexandra</i>	Mrs. Beverley.	Mrs. Dalton.
<i>Flora, her attendant</i>	Miss Acres.	Miss Ingelby.

Soldiers, Warriors, &c. &c.

COSTUMES.

King Edward—Royal robes, velvet cloak, crown, &c.
Aymer } — Handsome old English soldiers dresses, hats and
Hastings } feathers, &c.
Bruce—scarlet silk and cotton plaid jacket and tartan, gold
fringe, half armour, bonnet and feathers.
Baliol,
Angus, { All rich chieftains' dress, in the several color of
Kirkpatrick } their respective clans, bonnets and feathers.
Cummin, }
Walter Ross—Scotch soldier, with half armour.
Lindsay, Donald, Geordy &c.—Characteristic Scotch dresses.
Alexandra—First Dress, Rich green satin, with plaid scarf,
bonnet and feathers. Second Dress. Red plaid, half ar-
mour, shield, sword, &c.
Jane—Scotch cottager, neat.
Flora—Smart Scotch dress.

First performed at the Queen's Theatre, February, 1827.

Time of representation, 1 hour 30 minutes.

(King Robert the Bruce.)

KING ROBERT THE BRUCE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Court of King Edward at Scone, Edward discovered, seated. Angus, Kirkpatrick, Bruce, Cummin, Hastings, and Baliol, discovered. Flourish.*

Edw. To escape the horrors of civil war ye've done well, brave Scots, to seek our council: justice shall be done—and Scotia's diadem on him devolve who best can prove his claim.

Bru. Aye! But there are those assembled who unnecessarily oppose deliberation by their frivolous claims: 'tis fit the herald efface all names save Bruce and Baliol.

Has. Let Hastings stand — his interests surely may command discussion.

Cum. And Cummins also!

Bru. But they are founded upon such flimsey, questionable grounds, that hope, if you have formed it, before our powerful title must give way.

Edw. Bruce speaks with justice: he, with Baliol's, joined in competition, a faithful arbiter shall find in England's Edward. Baliol we will first hear your claim.

Bal. 'Tis not from fictitious legends that I would seek to prove the justice of my cause, for well my rights are known, that first in blood to Scotland's former king,—I am the true successor! As such must Scotland's diadem devolve on me, 'tis my birthright—all other claims are impotent and vain.

Edw. Prince, thy lineal descent is known full well, but Bruce's claim must now be heard.

Bru. The land that gave me birth was ever famed for liberty. Her hardy sons will never own a foreign hand. Think then how this indignant bosom swells in appealing to foreign mediation for what is mine by right: and were

it not for these divisions, which now distract his native country, Bruce would ne'er stand in Edward's court but as Edward's equal. From David's second daughter we trace our birth—the female to the male gives place. So I, in primogeniture, as nearest heir, assert my just pretensions: the throne is mine—and Baliol must resign it to my stronger claims!

Has. Baliol resign! If 'tis not mine, the throne is his by blood. (*points to Baliol.*) His juster claims I pledge me to make good, even by my sword.

Bru. Thy threatenings are but vain! Thy proofs - thy sword! but merit our contempt!

Has. Ah! say'st thou thy contempt? Rash Bruce, forbear—Hastings will never brook such contumely,—allied by birth to princely Baliol.

Edw. Forbear! Domestic broils must not disturb our peace: fief of our realm thy homage pay to me. Then, and not till then, will I decide who best has proved his claim,

Bru. Homage to thee—on what pretence?

Edw. As your liege lord I claim it.

Bru. Liege lord of ours? I will not hear it named. Is our country thus debased? Heaven gave us liberty, and that we proudly will maintain, spite of all false pretenders—who basely would enslave our country.

Edw. Here ends contention, then; Bruce, repulsed by thee, I call on princely Baliol now to kneel and pay me homage.

Has. Nor will he refuse.

Edw. He will not if he knows his Interest. And further, it is needful in order that I have full power to execute my trust, your strong castles should first be placed in my possession.

Ang. Our castles thine? never! Sooner than ope' a gate to southron lord, the southron race shall perish by the sword!

Edw. Angus, less warmth would suit you better.

Bru. Less avarice, and less ambition, would suit you better.

Edw. Kneel to my power—consent to my command.

Bru. We've sworn to own no foreign power, and never will retract.

Bal. Our country's safety dictates that I comply with Edward's wish.

Bru. Your country's safety? 'tis your own self interest which prompts you to this slavish act. Vassal of Edward

—lowly bend thy knee: but such a homage is ne'er paid by Bruce!

(*Baliol kneels. Flourish. The King places him on his right hand.*)

Edw. Baliol, I proclaim thee Scotland's king! His friends are mine—and those who dares dispute it are my foes.

Has. Monarch, your choice is just,—for if the throne's not mine 'tis his of right.

Bru. Edward, farewell! (*going R. H.*)

Edw. Hold, Bruce, we must not part. I prize thy youthful boldness. Here in our court we do entreat (as friends) a few short weeks you will remain. Baliol entreat them—Hastings do thou likewise.

Has. Entreat the foe I scorn? I know not how!

Edw. Edward will ne'er impose a chain. But there is one I understand that Bruce doth wear—thy daughter, brave Earl Hastings. The prince doth prize the brilliants in her eyes more than Scoria's bright diadem.

Has. E'en let him shake them off then,—for here I swear, my daughter shall ne'er know Bruce for husband while I live. He hath opposed my claim to Scotland's throne; and, instead of friendship, must henceforth look alone for hate.

Edw. Come, come! contention amongst friends must end. Lets to the banquet—'tis an age of peace.

(*Music. All exit L. H. but Bruce, Angus, and followers*)

Ang. You've heard the invitation, my prince: say, will you prolong your stay at Edward's court.

Bru. But for a few hours, to gain a converse with my destined bride

Ang. You've heard the disappointed earl has made a vow you never shall possess his daughter's hand.

Bru. But love, superior to a parent's sway, binds closer, 'a sweeter tie' which hatred would divide.

Ang. Is this a time to talk of love? Now when your country's rights are threatened by her foes. If this boyish passion sway you, still remain within this hated English court, Angus must leave thee to thy fate.

Bru. Leave me, earl.

Ang. Yes, leave thee, to prepare against a foe whose crafty policy, too well I see, devotes both thee and Baliol to ruin. If in thy breast one spark of patriotism still remains, sell not thy country for this fatal passion—this wild infatuation—but leave with me this fatal spot.

Bru. See who approaches—'tis the peerless fair!

Ang. Curse on those charms that have seduced you from your country's cause; but I will be gone and rouse my clan Bruce, fare thee well for ever!

Bru. For ever! oh stay, but till to-morrow.

Ang. Remain thou here, revel in female charms, whilst thy bleeding country calls aloud for aid. But shall Angus pause at such a moment? Forbid it heaven! Tarry at love's banquet whilst I to glory go! [*Exit with soldiers R. H.*]

Enter Alexandra, L. H.

Alex. Prince, you are afflicted?

Bru. We must separate, perhaps, for ever. I love thee better than my life—would die for thee: but what is life without dear liberty?

Alex. I know and prize the sentiments that guide thy heart,—but Alexandra, though thy destined bride, is Hastings daughter, — he, once thy friend, now sternest of thy foes,—nor can a daughter e'er forget the duty which she owes her sire. But tell me, Bruce, whither is it you would go?

Bru. To arm my country against its fell invaders!

Alex. Ah! those foes—my friends! Ah! what a dreadful course!

Bru. In calm retirement let the soldier rest,—while Peace, with olive branch, bedecks his crest. But when a bleeding country calls for aid, Bruce must protect her. nor was e the moments e'en in love, when honour calls him forth. Alexandra, fare thee well; in the fierce fight the thoughts of thee will nerve my arm, and urge me on to vengeance on the foe!

Alex. Oh! do not leave me, 'twill break my heart if thus you desert me; prithee do not go yet: tarry some few days at least.

Bru. I know not how to act, but still I must delay since Alexandra wills it so.

Alex. Thanks, generous prince; lets to the banquet, there drown the woes that swell thy heart, since Alexandra knows no joy if Bruce bears not a part.

[*Exit L. H. Music.*]

SCENE II. — *C* *amber in Front. Table, chair, pen, ink, &c &c.*

Enter Hastings, R. H.

Has. Bruce of a throne deprived, my daughter's hand devolves on Aymer de Vallence, first in command to kingly Edward. 'Tis a match most wise—since, through this union, Hastings may rise to such a potent masterdom as will eclipse the highest of his brother peers. Still Alexandra loves the Bruce ! but love must now give place to interest. How now, Lord Aymer?

Enter Aymer R. H. and Cummin.

Aym. Precaution has been vain, my rival, Bruce, has gained an interview with Alexandra ; Cummin, our common friend, saw them in earnest converse.

Cum. Ay, I heard them vow eternal constancy, and bid defiance to your rage.

Has. Curse on them both ! yet fear not, all their vows shall prove but vain — she shall be thine : and should bold Bruce intrude——

Aym. My dagger's point shall check his bold presumption. But see, your lovely daughter comes !

Has. Retire, my lord, until I break my purpose, and seek to bend her to my will. (*Exit Aymer.*) Let my wrath subside ; and 'neath the garb of filial love, prepare her for a truly painful task.

[*Repeat Music.*]

Enter Alexandra R. H.

My child, you must, no doubt, have seen your parent's grief, his deep regret. I fondly thought my house's friend, Lord Aymer, would have been thy husband,—but you have foiled me, and all my hopes have withered.

Alex. No doubt, my sire, your disappoint's great.

Has. And irreparable ! Oh, cursed fate ! Or rather, cursed Bruce !

Alex. Yet Bruce, in justice acted you must own, and ought not to be thus repelled.

Has. Girl, I despise thy weakness ! Plead for Bruce ? forget him ! Earl Aymer now must be thy husband. 'Tis my firm resolve—tremble to disobey thy sire's command.

Alex. Wedded to Aymer ?—never ! 'Tis Bruce alone who holds your Alexandra's heart !

Has. (*producing a letter*) Peruse this writing, 'tis the last we send to hated Bruce, and see there straight be penn'd a copy by thy hand.

Alex. What? must I indite such killing words—sooner would I part with life!

Cum (*aside*) On Aymer's suit I would not press now,—but Bruce removed, the earl must sure succeed and gain her heart.

Has. (*aside to Cummin*) 'Tis well. (*to Alex.*) Write this, and I declare I'll urge no more on Aymer's suit,—refuse me, and rash Bruce shall die!

Alex. Shall die?

Has. I swear it? Alexandra seals his destiny.

[*Rxit L. H.*]

Alex. Must Bruce then perish?

Cum. Write, lady, write, and leave the task to me to make young Bruce acquainted, that by force you were constrained to this unwilling courss. I'll set the matter in its proper light. Write prithee, do.

Alex. Sir, you shall be obeyed: since thus with friendship you have pledged to aid our cause.

Cum. (*aside*) To aid my own.

Alex. Heaven preserve his life, 'tis for that purpose only that I write. Ah! no, my letter opes to him a grave. (*aside*) That been accomplished I ask no more.

(*Music. Alexandra sits at table and copies the letter, then rises and reads.*)

"Alexandra writes to Bruce and bids him cease to think of her hereafter, a parent's will, and still more tender ties sever eternally the destiny of Bruce and Alexandra."—Oh! hated scroll—yet to refuse were vain. Yet hold, I am alone—this opportunity shall not be lost to tell him of that I love him still. Happy thought! on the back of this letter I'll indite my real thoughts. (*Writes, and reads as she indites*) "A father's rage compels this cruel deed, yet Alexandra's heart is yours for ever: no other partner of her destiny will she ever own. These lins may perhaps elude a parent's, but not a lover's glance." (*Music.*)

Haslings re-enters with Cummin.

Has. Alexandra, is the letter written?

Alex. (*giving it ready folded*) 'Tis yours, my lord.

Has. 'Tis well—I joy to see you thus comply.

Cum. And Alexandra too will soon rejoice that she's been guided by her father's voice.

Alex. Oh, sir, more happy I already feel.

Has. That you are so that happy smile reveals. (*aside*) Cummin. I know thy heart full well, and what 'twill feel to be the bearer of a letter that will bring misery to the Bruce.

Cum. (*aside to Hastings*) 'Twill give me joy that thus, in seeming friendship, arrows may be employed to wound, the man I loathe—the man alone who barred both yours and my pretensions to a throne. But look, my lord, he's here.

Has. We will retire while you present the letter.

[*Music Forces Alexandra off, L. H.*]

Enter Bruce R. H.

Bru. Cummin, thou knowest Lord Aymer seeks to supplant me in Alexandra's love.

Cum. (*aside*) Even as I was supplanted by thee, but I'll be revenged. Bruce, it grieves me to be the bearer of disastrous news,—but duty, friendship, gives me no cause to choose. Alexandra is false!

Bru. You wrong her, worthy Cummin.

Cum. Alas! not so,—the tempting lustre which attends on princely grandeur has weaned her heart from thee; and in compliance with a parent's wish, Alexandra has consented to become to Lord Aymer's bride!

Bru. Bride!

Cum. Aye, Lord Aymer's! And damning proof let this letter shew: 'tis from the Lady Alexandra. (*gives him the letter.*)

Bru. I know full well her characters. (*reads.*) "Alexandra writes to Bruce, and bids him cease to think of her hereafter. A parent's will, and still more, tender ties, eternally divide Bruce and Alexandra" Is this thy love? how soon has grandeur made thee faithless!

Cum. She is a woman—that's sufficient! Bruce ought, by this time, to have learnt their ways.

Kirkpatrick enters in haste, R. H.

Bru. How now, Kirkpatrick?

Kirk. A courier but now arrived brings news that Angus by a sudden blow, has made himself master of Dunbar Castle,—and, in your name, declared against England.

Bru. 'Tis bravely done—nor shall he lack assistance!

Kirk. Companions, let's be gone, and join the hardy Angus.

Cum. Let us away!

Bru. We must beware lest Edward might suspect, and spread a snare to entrap our friends. Near yon sequestered mill, at the midnight hour, let us assemble and digest our plans.

Cum. We shall be doing well.

Kirk. If we do well we'll leave this court to-night.

Cum. To-night! (*aside*) not quite so soon if I foretell aright.

Bru. To lull suspicion let us now divide. Kirkpatrick, fare the well,—Cummir, my friend, adieu! Anon we meet again.

Cum. (*aside*) Where ruin shall engulf you all.

[*Exit L. H., Kirkpatrick R. H.*]

Bru. A thousand thoughts distract my mind: but love, above them all, still holds controul. I fain would shake it off.

Enter Geordy, L. H., with spurs and purse.

Geo. Your lordship, my certes, I'm half afraid to show my face. My lord, your princeship—

Bru. Have you aught to say, if so, speak out.

Geo. I will, without ceremony. A secret friend, whose name of course is—mum! sends you by this a pair of spurs and purse, leaving to your discernment a most intricate riddle to expound: the cash they say was the spurs too—many are in want of the former and the spurs.

Bru. They are to spur you on to sense: fool, begone, I guess the riddle!

Geo. (*aside*) Common sense—fool—most folks when cash is sent, i'faith, are thankful to the bringers.

[*Exit L. H.*]

Bru. These spurs and purse would point out the course that I should follow. Unknown friend, who'e'er thou art, accept the grateful feelings of my heart. The purse to keep from want—the spurs, too, that Bruce from Edward's court should bend his way.

[*Music, exit R. H.*]

SCENE III.—*The Sea. Castle on rocks, U. H., water-mill, R. H., horizon, moon, platforms. Music. Lamps half down, a large stone near a mill.*

Enter Georgy, U. B. L. H.

Geo. None can say that I'm the last at an appointment, the midnight watch is gone, and little Flora will be here anon. Oh, the girls! they hold us in a pretty string—to what extremities will not the fair sex bring a man in love—oh, they're strange creatures! (*Geordy hums an air, and goes up the stage, L. H.*)

Enter Flora and Alexandra, in a tartan cloak.

Fla. Capital. Geordy.

Geo. Flora! is it you. here's a pretty trick.—is this a secret rendezvous. Eh?

Flo. Hush! not so loud, I pray

Geo. Not so loud—for what, I pray? everyone's acquainted with my love for you.

Flo. But Geordy's the only one that tells it.

Geo. I tell the folks I love? come, that's very well: but any one can see it with half an eye——

Alex. That its time to part (*having looked out.*)

Flo. Good bye!

Geo. Nay, not so fast,—for tho' our lady's here—

Flo. Your absence I insist on.

Geo. Nay, I declare, I won't go,—I'd rather stay with you, ladies, Geordy is no coward to shrink from danger.

Alex. Hush! they descend footsteps now strike my ear. The boats are all removed, escape is vain: yet will I meet thee, Bruce, spite of thy reproaches. (*retires up stage.*)

Geo. I thought to have a little chat alone with Flora,—but all the world I think are determined to make this silent spot the secret rendezvous.

Music. Enter Bruce 2 E. L. H. Geordy retires. Quite dark.

Bru. No more of love—away with this soft enervating passion! Let it be dissolved for ever! (*Music, Alexandra advances*) How's this—Alexandra here!

Alex. Bruce, I've heard harsh and undeserved reproach, but spite of all, my innocence shall soon appear.

Bru. Thy innocence? farewell dissembler!—receive my last adieu.

Alex. Bruce, fare the well! and yet my heart doth bleed to leave thee thus in wrath. Oh! pray take heed, for foes environ thee, and seek thy life.

Bru. And most inveterate of them is the bride once destined for the Bruce.

Alex. I came to warn you of your danger, and explain that letter.

Bru. 'Tis already too fully, too clearly exp'ained,—I will not deign to hear you. (*turns aside.*) Ha! Kirkpatrick here?

Kirkpatrick descends, R. H. U. E. Music.

Lets away and seek some friendly boat without delay.

Kirk. No boat expect to meet, Edward suspects your flight, and has thought fit, within the harbour of the castle wall to secure each boat.

Music. Geordy re-enters R. H.

Geo. Lord ha' mercy ! there's a whole body descending from the cast'e, all armed.

Bru. Impending ruin hangs upon our steps. What's to be done ?

Geo. If we're caught, we shall be undone.

Alex. Enter the mill—there is no other hope.

Bru. Oh, faithful Edward ! still more faithful bride !

[*Exit Bruce, Kirkpatrick, and Flora, at mill.*]

Alex. More faithless me, alas ! but disappointment sours the best of hearts. A thought strikes me, it is a desperate one, but it shall be essayed. [Exit at mill.]

Geo. Oh, they're coming this way. Oh Lord ! oh Lord ! I wish I was safe at home. If I'm caught I shall be hanged—so Flora I'll take shelter in the mill with you. (*Music, goes to the mill.*) Why, they've shut me out ! what's to be done now—I'll hide behind this muckle stone.

(*Music. Conceals himself behind a large stone in C.*)

Jacks'one and Bagster descend.

Jac. 'Tis here we are to watch : the coast is clear, and not a boat is to be seen upon the Tweed.

Bag. Here we may lay in wait without suspicion : and should it be our luck to seize the conspirators—

Jac. Why, we shall be amply paid for our trouble. But, I fear—

Geo. (*behind*) And so do I with reason—

Jac. That our watching—

Geo. (*behind stone*) Will be to no purpose.

Jac. The Scots are crafty, brave, and fond of plotting ; and 'twill be strange—

Geo. If they're caught napping.

Jac. You're a fool.

Bag. A fool ?—

Geo. (*still behind stone*) Yes, you are one.

Bag. Better words, fellow !

Jac. Fellow ! who do you call fellow ?

Bag. You ! dost think I fear your loud bravado : no—I wear a sword—take care you do not feel the weight of it.

Jac. D'ye think I am a child to stand your rating—draw, and soon prove it otherwise. Come on, boaster ! (*They draw their swords.*) Hark ! our commanders approach.

Bag. We'll settle this quarrel when they're gone.

Music. Enter Aymer, Hastings, and soldiers.

Has. This is the spot described—here they must be concealed.

Aym. See, Hastings—see this scarf!

(*Picks up scarf, which Alexandra has left on stage.*)

Has. It is my daughter's, she must be here with the conspirators,—search the spot with care, no doubt we'll find the fugitives.

(*Music.* They search round, discover Geordy behind the stone.)

Has. Who have we here?

Geo. Nobody, sir.

Aym. Say, where is Bruce concealed, — or else thy blood——

Geo. My blood—oh, she's in the mill.

Aym. Thy blood is in the mill, 'tis in thee as yet—speak quickly, or this sword——

Has. You said your blood was in the mill—

Geo. Yes—yes—yes! That is, no—no—no!

Has. Bruce is there concealed—it must be so. (*to Aymer.*)

Aym. Give me a brand, and soon in blazing fire, if hid within the mill, all shall perish.

Geo. Then here goes for a boat, and I'll try if I can't fit these English blades with Scotch handles.

Music. Aymer seizes a torche and sets fire to the mill—

Bruce, Alexandra, and Flora, are seen in the flames—

Angus and a few partizans appear on the opposite bank, L. H., and with a hatchet cuts down the trunk of a tree, which falls and forms a bridge. they descend, and pass bridge and enter boat and exit. Jackstone cuts down drawbridge and passes over platform, when Geordy knocks him into the sea.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Walls of Dunbar. Portcullis, gates in C., with platform.*

Enter Angus and Soldiers, R. H.

Ang. The Scottish banner, once more reared on high, floats triumphant on Dunbar's walls: each warrior heads an honest band, true to the interests of his native land!

Enter Cummin, R. H.

Cum. And, with the sacred love of freedom fired, who

to an usurper will bend the knee, of such, thy friend, brave Angus, number me.

Ang. I know thy courage, Cummin,—but, how fares the prince? Environed round by foes, what have we not to dread. (*drum*)

Enter Tam M'Donald.

Tam. Bruce this way comes.

Cum. (*aside*) I left him closely watched by the foe—how he escaped I cannot guess.

Enter Bruce and Alexandra, disguised as the Red Reiver, the entire dress being red, cased in armour, she wears her vizor down.

Ang. Do I, within my arms, again enfold the hero—Bruce? He who lives to blot out our disgrace.

Cum. The poor's protector, and the noble's friend! But, your escape! that puzzles me? How was that accomplished?

Bru. To this brave youth I owe my safety. A boat, obtained by him, secured my escape, tho' closely followed by the enemy.

Ang. (*to Alex.*) Thanks, generous youth, henceforth the grateful Angus will call thee Scotland's friend—the Bruce's benefactor.

Alex. Your commendation, chieftain, doubly repays the service I've achieved.

Bru. But say, to whom is Bruce indebted for his preservation?

Alex. To one, like thee, inveterate 'gainst the foe of Caledonia.—son of the Red Reiver, I claim to share the peril in the fight.

Bru. For his brave sire's sake, the son shall henceforth, in the field, be Bruce's guardian friend. Immortal sons of Scotia's ancient race, let all your great father's deeds inspire your souls, and urge you to redress your country's wrongs!

Ang. Each hand and heart's devoted to the cause of liberty, and Scotland's glory! But, you need refreshment, enter then the castle,—meantime security calls for due precaution: let our centinels be doubled on every post. (*Music. All enter castle gate except Tam, who begins to cat.*)

Tam. Now for my breakfast,—but, what a pity, I've only water to drink—a little whiskey, now, would warm my stomach.

Enter Geordy, L. H.

Geo. At length I'm out of the way of harm. (*seeing Tam, bows obsequiously.*)

Tam. (*still eating*) Oh! you wont derange me.

Geo. (*aside*) There's a prime piece of beef, I wish I could get a slice. Pray, sir, is your name Tammy M'Donald.

Tam. Aye, the same.

Geo. You give out rations for the troops?

Tam. I do, young man; and what's more, I'm Serjeant at Arms to our gallant governor.

Geo. (*aside*) I didn't know that—but he's got a devilish good appetite—so have I. (*to Tam*) My friend I'm billeted to lodge with you.

Tam. Oh, very well, get into the guard house.

Geo. And go without my supper—no: after travelling all day, one's inclined to be hungry—and I've got a famous appetite.

Tam. Then I wish you a good digestion.

Geo. Zounds! how can I digest when I've nothing to eat. We put our best leg foremost, and I'd only time to bring—

Tam. Aye, I know—you'd only time to bring your money,

Geo. Money is a very good thing—but I had none to bring.

Tam. Then what the devil do you want with me?

Geo. Why, as you appear to be a generous, good fellow, I was remarking, if I was to dine with you—

Tam. (*aside*) But you wont.

Geo. I had as much whiskey—

Tam. Eh? whiskey! (*gets up*)

Geo. As would serve for both!

Tam. My dear fellow, sit down, I'm sure you are welcome!

Geo. Now mind, if I take a bit, its only to oblige you.

Tam. Oh; certainly,—pray eat hearty. (*Geordy eats.*)—Now, I'm ordered to find those who call with lodgings,—but for board, the noble governor says nothing—but I'm so generous, I delight to share with all who come. Now, I'll give you a toast. Here's to the memory of Sir William Wallace.

Geo. You've been in battle?

Tam. Yes, I've fought many battles, and bottles, too—(*getting drowsy*) I was at the battle of Stirling—and I was in the skirmish when Sir Thoma Kirkpatrick took the English leader, Cressingham, prisoner. And we fought

very hard during the battle—and we drank very hard after the battle—and we sung—and we laughed—and we slept—and we snored—and we—*drops asleep.*)

During this Jackstone and Bagster appear behind, Tam falls asleep, and they bear him away, Jackstone puts on Tam's cloak and sits down by Geordy.

Geo. I had a narrow escape myself, last night, from two of the ugliest fellows I ever beheld.

Big. 'Tis the fellow who served us such a trick at the mill last night.

Jack. And gave me such a ducking.

Geo. (*not noticing change*) The most i'l-looking fellow of the two, had such goggling eyes, he stared as if he was mad. (*Bagster having taken the keys from Tam's girdle, now goes into the castle, after having unlocked the gate.*)

Now you must know, I set them both a fighting,—and the ugliest fellow of the two was biting his lips with rage; but I cooled his anger—for he was so eager to follow our boat, that I pushed him into the river to see if he could swim,—that was a good joke, wasn't it. Ha! ha! ha!

Jack. Yes, a very good joke.

Geo. Ha! ha! Oh, dear me. (*seeing Jackstone.*)

Jack. What's the matter?

Geo. Lord forgive me! I thought I saw the two glaring eyes again. (*Bell tolls one.*) What's that!

Jack. 'Tis the law of the governor to close the gates at one. (*rises, and walks about as a sentinel.*)

Geo. And I'll to bed! Why, Tam, surely the whiskey has made you grow taller.

Jack. Have done with your jokes, the whiskey has made you see double.

Geo. Well, I have done.—I'll enter the castle. Hollo! here's a job—they've locked the gate, and shut me out:—and look, Tam—look! there's one of the Englishers on the wall. I'll sound the horn, and alarm the castle. (*goes to take the horn.*)

Jack. Keep back—nor dare to call for help?

(*Jackstone draws sword to keep off Geordy. Music—alarm—all the English and Scotch par'y enter. Skirmish—the Scotch are beaten off, and English remain.*)

Hus. Bruce has escaped with Angus.

Ayn. The Red Reiver, dreadful in arms, accompanies their flight. Let us pursue!

Cam. That task were vain—Cummin will follow, and

subtly gain information how they purpose to proceed. Revenge is mine nor will I e'er retract!

Music. Cummin exits L. H., Aymer, Hastings, and Soldiers, enter as scene closes.

SCENE II.—*A Close Wood 1st., or 2nd. Grove.*

Enter Alexandra, disguised in armour. Drum beats retreat, so gradually die away.

Alex. Alas! how wayward is my fate; thus to follow one that doth my love condemn. Leaving my kinsman's home—'tis fate that bids me on, nor will I pause till Bruce shall find he hates me without cause.

Enter Bruce, Angus, Cummin, Kirkpatrick, &c. soldiers.

Kirk. Here, in Torr Wood, let our shattered force repose.

Bru. Surely the curse of heaven pursues me! Still doom'd to meet with treachery and defeat.

Alex. On heaven rely—though it may sometimes frown on thy exertions! yet, 'twill at length with glorious radiance shine, and raise the good to realms of glory and of fame.

Bru. Your words bring comfort to my heart. Brave knight, what owe I not to thee.

Alex. I seek no thanks, I've done my duty, and no need I claim. Let not misfortune cast thee down,—awake to glory, for your Alexandra's sake!

Bru. For Alexandra falsest of the fair! Let me not think of her—the tie that bound me to her heart is now dissolved.

Ang. And yet, in the fight, you did invoke her name.

Bru. It was involuntarily.

Alex. Involuntarily!

Bru. Refrain, brave knight, all thoughts of her must now subside,—she, like all the world, has proved deceitful, base, and treacherous.

Alex. Believe it not, she still is with thy sufferings moved—still loves her Bruce.

Bru. Believe it not? she owns not half the love that even now I feel!

[Horn heard.]

Kirk. Hark! that signal! friends advance—'tis Cummin!

Enter Cummin, R. H.

Bru. Ah! my friend! (*embrace.*)

Cum. Do we once more meet! How stand your forces after this repulse?

Bru. They're all dispersed, except the few which have assembled here, to share their leader's desperate fate.

Cum. And what are your projects?

Bru. Carrick lies near us—there will we sail, and, by surprise, attempt to check the foe.

Cum. Hastings is there, and heads a desperate band,—whom, to assail, were madness.

Bru. A small party shall seek the coast, and learn if friends or foes we may hope to gain.

Cum. That task be mine!

Alex. (aside) Something whispers me that Cummin is a foe, and craftily, in secret, works our ruin. *(To Bruce.)* Anxious to shew my zeal, I crave to accompany him.

Cum. I have no occasion for thy aid, brave knight.

Alex. Perhaps so?

Cum. Perhaps so?

Alex. Should you be discovered, their numbers 'gainst one, would sure prevail—*two*, might contend!

Cum. In thee I've indeed a mighty champion—*(to Bruce)* as you wish it, Thane, let it be so.

Bru. If friends are on the spot, we shall expect a lighted beacon as the signal.

Cum. (aside) That light you soon shall see—but it shall light thee to sure destruction!

[Alexandra and Cummin exit, R. H.]

Bru. Within the covert of this friendly wood, seek we repose; and what we all lack—food!

Ang. No one requires them so much as thee.

Kirk. Come this way, my prince!

Bru. Care not for me, brave knight! nor food I'll taste, nor sleep shall close these eyes, till Bruce has taken vengeance on his hated foes. *[All exit, L. H. Music.]*

SCENE III.—*Coast of Carrick. Sea view, &c. Cottage, 3 E. L. H.*

Enter Aymer and Hastings, R. H.

Aym. Edward's no more—but his son inherits all his lamented sire's valour. Still, we've lost much!

Has. Yes, Aymer, a noble friend, our party's bulwark. My private losses, alas! are irretrievable—my only daughter fled with the man I hate!

Aym. It cannot be,—Cummin in private writes that Alexandra is not with the Bruce.

Has. Where else can she be? (*Bugle sounds.*)

Aym. Now, by yon friendly signal, I presage a partizan's approach in yonder boat—'tis Cummin.

Has. Yon warrior too, the Riever Knight,—our direst foe!

Aym. We will retire, and observe what passes.

[*Music. They retire.*]

Enter Alexandra and Cummin from boat.

Alex. Landed on Carrick shore, our sole remaining duty is to find if friends or foes predominate.

Cum. I know full well the hardy veterans that dwell on Carrick's shore. Learn that two against their numbers can't prevail!

Alex. What mean you?

Cum. That even the Red Riever Knight, with all his prowess, would find it difficult to prevail against the hardy veterans that inhabit here.

Has. (*advancing*) And should repent most dearly. What news of Bruce, Cummin, quickly say?

Cum. Now, in the Isle of Arran, he prepares for your invasion!

Alex. Ungrateful chief, forbear!—false, traitorous, dastard, sh me! Is this thy faith? Oh! dishonour on thy name!

Cum. Reviling is the only weapon left you now, dread chief?

Alex. (*drawing sword*) Ere I'm of this bereft, I'll prove I still have means to punish treason! (*Music. They all prevent her striking Cummin—when her eyes meet his, she exclaims*) Oh! traitor!

Aym. Confinement will bring this boasting knight to reason,—but if he'll join our force, he shall be free.

Alex. Cowards! thank you to find a traitor in me!—Treacherous yourselves, you think that all are so,—but ere I treacherously betray the Bruce, to death—exulting, will I rather go!

(*Music. She is borne off.*)

Has. One conquest we have gained; where Bruce also ours, all would be well indeed.

Cum. I have a plan shall mar his hopes, and place him in your power. A fire, by my hand, lighted on yon peak, is a signal that they may land in safety. I'll fire it straight!

(*Cummin gets torch from cottage, mounts rock, fires beacon, and descends.*)

Aym. Be it our care, meantime, to be prepared to seize upon them.

Hus. 'Tis well, not a momeñ must be les.

Aym. Speed thee, Cummin, and rouse our friends; the owner of yonder cot shall aid us in our enterprize.

(*Music. Aymer knocks, Jane and Donald enter from cottage, L. H.*)

H. stess. 'tis known the daring Bruce proposes to invade us here, and whosoever shall notice his approach, and give me early information, shall be rewarded with 20 crowns!

Jane. 'Twill be a mighty prize! Happy indeed if we observe their approach. I owe the Bruce a grudge,—'twas him who enticed away my husband, and my brother Geordy—oft have I bewailed the fatal day when from our cottage they departed. Donald, my son, shall mount the rock, and give me notice when they approach.

Aym. See that the boy be watchful.

Jane. Do not fear. (*exit Aymer.*) Donald, mount the rock and be watchful—I'll wait within.

(*Donald is unwilling to ascend the rock but Jane forces him to go, and then enters cottage—a storm of thunder rain, lightning, &c. Donald comes down, and enters cottage—a ship is seen, which drives on shore and is wrecked—Bruce swims ashore, and fatigued, falls on the earth—Jane and Donald enter from cottage.*)

Jane. A sad storm, Donald, and much mischief at sea, I fear, has happened. What have we here! a man—a soldier, too! he seems dead! (*they raise him.*) 'Tis almost impossible he can survive, but charity dictates that we must aid him. Run Donald, let us render what aid we can (*Donald fetches bottle from cottage*) Ha! there shines a crown and thistle on his breast, the crest of Bruce's hated faction. He cannot live, then be it mine to give information,—haste then, my boy, and let Lord Aymer know. (*Donald retires unwillingly. Bruce revves.*)

Bru. Where am I now? What adverse fate has set a short-lived triumph to my reign?

Jane. You could hope no better. In the briny deep, thy leader, no doubt, reposeth in eternal sleep.

Bru. Would he were there—for then his woes were ended.

Jane. His ambition would then no longer be injurious to his country.

Bru. Unfeeling woman! how has he injured thee?

Jane. Few have suffered like me. A husband and a brother, devoted to his cause, forsook their cot to join his standard, nought can I hear of them, perhaps both are dead.

Bru. Alas? good soul,—what misery have I have brought on thee!

Jane. Can this be true. Is it the Bruce? Have I my mortal foe before me? yet he is wretched, and in need of help; if I refuse him my assistance, who will protect me in my extremity. I will try to save him.

Bru. I am the Bruce—and yet no foe of thine! I am in your power, do with me as you list.

Jane. You've broke my bread and drank in my repast, and woe be to me should I harm thee: but, fly this spot, your enemies are near,—my son, e'en now, doth bear intelligence that you are at my cottage.

Bru. Ha! is it so?—but depart I cannot.

Jane. Then you are lost beyond a doubt! Within my cot conceal yourself; leave the rest to me—away?

Music. *Bruce exits into cot—a boat advances with Alexandra, Geordy, and Kirkpatrick, they land, Angus also.*

Ang. If fate has snatched him from the wave, 'twas here he must have landed.

Geo. I ken full well each spot and glen around: here was I born—yonder's my sister's cottage—we'll not give up our search. (*distant drum*)

Kirk. Behold! a host of foes!—how avoid surprise?—Let us be wary! [*Music. They retire behind the rocks.*]

Enter Aymer, Hastings, Donald, and soldiers.

Aym. Where is the foe concealed? I charge you, speak! Deep artifice I plainly trace, have in this strippling's heart been rooted.

Has. He is most artful, I can see, my lord!

Aym. Speak, little varlet! (*Donald points to cottage.*) Ah! yonder but—let us examine it!

(*Going to hut, Jane enters from it, and prevents it.*)

Jane. What would you seek?

Has. A foe—concealed within your cottage.

Jane. A foe beneath my roof, you've no cause to doubt my loyalty!

Aym. Proof will convince us!

Jane. Patience, friends, I pray,—my house is out of order, and to-day my grandmother has just risen from a sick bed; she would be sadly frightened at the appearance of so many chiefs in arms. Donald, bring your grandmother. (*Donalds runs in.*)

Has. Nay, we wout hurt the old woman, so we'll e'en enter.

(*Music*—as they approach Donald enters, conducting Bruce, disguised as an old woman, with hood, crutch, stick—hobbles out.)

Hus. Is this your grandmother?

Jane. Mother, these gentlemen are—

Hus. Hush! she can speak for herself.

Jane. You must speak louder then, for she's as deaf as a post,—and let me advise you not to go too near her, for she's in a fever.

Aym. Is her disorder catching?

Jane. Yes, yes,—and we've but slight hopes of saving her.

(*Jackstone and Bagster retires backwards.*)

Aym. Her life, then, is in danger?

Jane. Yes, sir, in very great danger at present.

Aym. Let her pass on,—we will proceed to search the cottage.

Jane. Search it at thy leisure!

(*Music.* They enter cot, Bruce and Donald remain, pantomime business of Bruce, then exit U. E. L. H.)

Chord only. English re-enter from cot.

Aym. There are no foes within.

Bru. (entering) Aye, but there are foes without!

Enter with Chiefs and Soldiers, and Walter Ross, with standard.

Hus. Bruce here!

Bru. Aye, to thy dismay! Scots lay on—spare not the invaders!

(*Music.* Skirmish off, L. H., Jane and Donald enter, watching anxiously.)

Jane. Ah, they've put them to the route! But what will be our fate if Bruce should fall,—we've no one to protect us!

Geordy rushes on, L. H.

Geo. Yes, here is one still able to protect you!

Jane. It is my brother, my Geordy!—this is indeed joy.

Geo. Nay, our joy is not complete till the hero, Bruce, be seated on Scotland's throne.

Jane. But where's my husband?

Geo. Did you not see him? 'tis him that bears the Bruce's banner, and bravely has he fought the fight. Twice was I close to his side,—and, though attacked by odds, he mowed down his opponents like grass before the scythe: boldly defied each sovereign foe, and, as he firmly clenched his country's banner, swore he'd never part with it till the last convulsive grasp of death should tear it from him—

cheers and drum.) But I must away, Jane, —there's bonnie work for all brae Scotsmen, and I cannot well be spared, —so fare you well, and by the Will of heaven, I'll soon return.
[Exit Geordy]

Aymmer and the English enter, 1 E. R. H.

Aym. The day's against us—these hardy Scots fight like madmen! Behold, yon soldier, bearing his standard proudly through the enemy. Away—away! and secure him!

Skirmish. Music. Walter enters fighting with two English soldiers—he wounds one, who drops sword, and staggers off, R. H., Walter picks up the sword—another soldier enters, he fights both, still retaining the standard with his foot—at last gives one a severe blow, which sends him staggering off, then resumes the fight—receives a blow on the forehead—he staggers, but lifting the banner, he strikes his opponent such a blow on the head that he falls off at R. H., Walter faints from loss of blood, and falls across the banner with a groan.)

Jane enters from cottage.

Jane. What dreadful sound is that? Ah! it is my husband! (*raises him takes him into cottage—he forgets his banner, and again returns for it—kneels, kisses banner, leans on Jane, and enters hut with her.*)

Music. Enter Bruce, Angus, with Scottish Soldiers, R. H.

Bru. Our foes have sheltered themselves in yon strong castle, whose strength bids defiance to our power.

Enter Kirkpatrick, R. E.

Kirk. Fly not, friends, behold a host of foes marching forth to fall upon us.

Aym. And from the tower, advancing with full speed, is Cummin.

Cummin enters in haste, R. H.

Cum. 'Scap'd from their power I come to warn you: we must fly—the second Edward, with a mighty force, is near at hand.

Bru. But, your companion, the Red Riever?—

Cum. Is now within yon tower, a prisoner!

Bru. We must release him!

Ang. On to the attack!

Cum. 'Twere madness! The tower is strong—your power would make but a faint impression—the Riever Knight they dare not harm. Quick, let us fly!

Bru. And leave our friend,—too cruel! yet it must be so.

Cum. (aside) It is my policy to force you hence—one foe I have betrayed—the Riever Knight!—Fortune, still you're kind. [Exit.

Alexandra enters fighting with Aymer—she is disarmed—Flora, in mole attire, enters—stabs Aymer in the back, who staggers off.

Alex. At length I've 'scap'd the wreck!

Jane and Walter enter from cottage, Walter having a black patch on his wound.

Jane. But see—Lord Hastings, with a numerous train, are fast approaching—flight alone can save you. This way, behind the rock there lies our fishing boat. This way—come! [Music. They exit.

Aymer enters, Walter knocks him down with the standard pole, and Jackstone and Bagster rushing on at the same time meet with a similar reception from Walter, who has by this time mounted a set piece, which gives him the advantage. Alexandria, Jane, and Flora, come on in boat. The English reserve rush on just as Walter jumps into boat, which sails off, leaving the disappointed English in various attitudes of surprise and anger.

END OF SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Abbey of Dumfries.

Bru. (L. H.) What hateful destiny pursues me still—must each succeeding day increase my woe. Must I behold our shores o'errun by fierce invaders, thirsting for plunder, and laying waste our land—Alas! it is my fate, a barbarous foe now holds the sway, and Caledonia is herself no more!

Enter Cummin, L. H.

Cum. (aside) Still musing! fain would I know what he now ponders on. My lord, the foe are fast approaching—no puny band, a mighty host—commanded by the second Edward!

Bru. We'll boldly meet them then: for tho' oppressed and wasted with long suffering, our warriors are devoted to

the cause of freedom—Each leader's at his post—the Red River Knight alone is absent!

Cum. (*aside*) And till he comes you'll tarry long.

(*Drum huzza! L. H.*)

Bru. What mean those cheers?

Cum. (*looking out*) Distraction! it is the Red River Knight!

Music. Enter *Alexandra, Kirkpatrick, Geordy, Walter Ross, Jane, Child, and Soldiers, 1 E. L. H.*

Bru. To what kind fortune do I owe this meeting? How escaped you?

Cum. Ha! how comes this?

Alex. Not by thy means—tho' by thy art misled—perfidious Cummin! But you've not triumphed—heaven saw the treacherous deed, and set me free!

Cum. Treacherous! dare you whisper this to me?

Alex. Treacherous to Bruce and Scotland—to Alexandra more than all!

Cum. To Alexandra—falsest of the fair! Surely, you are not her champion?

Bru. Cummin, forbear! tho' she be false, she is still dear to Bruce.

Cum. Indeed! Has Bruce forgotten her kind epistle—Cummin, you perceive, has not. (*showing her letter,*)

Bru. Why preserve it? thou knowest each word's a dagger to my heart!

Alex. Yet in this letter may a balm be found! Let me present the reverse. (*Takes the letter, turns it over, and presents it to Bruce.*)

Bru. (*reads.*) "A father's rage compels this cruel deed—yet Alexandra's heart is yours, and yours alone,—nor other partner of her destiny she e'er will own." Cummin, observe, how falsely have I accused her.

Cum. 'Tis her writing, in soothe, yet, but a snare, to hold thee in her chains!

Alex. 'Tis false! base ingrate!

Cum. Ha! dardest thou insinuate she's not in Edward's court, and Aymer's bride too?

Alex. I dare assert that thou art false, disloyal, and untrue—for Alexandra's self behold! falsely libelled, and defamed by thee!

(*Music.* She removes her vizored helmet and discovers herself—Bruce rushes to her.)

Bru. My Alexandra!

Cum. Confusion! What do I behold!

Alex. Secure that traitor! false to his country and thee!

(*Cummin darts at Alexandra, but Bruce interposes and drives Cummin off, 1 R. H.—Kirkpatrick supports Alexandra—Bruce returns quickly, with two swords.*)

Kirk. Have you secured him?

Bru. I believe so. (*shews blood on sword.*)

Kirk. Is that a matter to be left to conjecture? No! I will secure him. (*rushes off with drawn dagger.*)

Bru. My Alexandra, how greatly have I wronged thee.

Alex. Dearer to me, is Bruce, than ever!

Music. Enter Kirkpatrick with bloody dagger.

Kirk. The traitor is no more—I left him weltering in his hated blood!

Bru. (*taking the dagger*) Thus perish Caledonia's foes!

Drum. Enter Angus, L. H., and followers.

Ang. To arms! to arms! the Southrons are in the field of Bannockburn!

Bru. What charms this information gives! Our fate is near—to die or conquer—for our country! Loved Alexandra, farewell—Jane will accompany you.

Alex. Part! oh, no! Alexandra now must be Robert's shield against the foe!

Bru. And now brave Walter, bear thou our regal standard. Truly do you deserve that post of honour—those wounds you have received are yet to be revenged. Here, in the face of heaven, kneel—and swear—that nothing but the last convulsive struggle of death shall force this, thy country's ensign, from thy grasp!

Music. Walter kneels and swears, Bruce and party exit, L. H., Walter last, when Jane detains him.

Jane. And must my husband once more brave the dangers of the field—(*he points to banner.*) Ah? my heart forbodes some sad event. Thy boldness, too, in battle. Oh, think of your poor Jane—may the heavenly powers preserve thee—for something whispers we part to meet no more.

Music, "Lochaber." They take farewell, drum at intervals, till at length he tears himself away, and rushes off R. H., Jane exits L. H.

SCENE II.—*Field of Bannockburn and Bridge, with Rake Rece, U. E. R. H.*

English march across the stage from L. H., swear, and exit R. H. Music changes to "Highland Laddie."

Scotch Party and Angus enter.

Ang. Let each brave warrior take a moment's pause, and calmly wait our foes approach. Remember, comrades, 'tis for your wives, your children, and your native land, we now unsheath the sword. We know their force is nearly double ours, but we fear not that: we fight for liberty or death! for here, my friends and brothers, each warrior has marked his grave. The shout of liberty shall warm us into life, or the cold hand of death shall make us sleep in peace! (*drum, cheers, &c.*) But see, where the hero, Bruce, advances,—raise high your joyful voices, and welcome Scotland's hero as he deserves! (*Drum. Huzza!*)

Enter Bruce and Chieftains.

Bru. This is a joyous sight: for, as I look around, I see each warrior resolved to die, or gain their country's rights!

Ang. Yes; either here we'll seal our country's freedom,—or, in this hallowed field, we'll find a warrior's grave!

Bru. Let then our bards raise high their martial strains. Remember, Scots, with Wallace you have fought, and boldly did assert your country's rights. With Fergus, too, your kindred fought in bloody field,—and, led by justice, made the tyrants fly! Now, let every gallant Scot draw forth his bright claymore, ne'er to be sheath'd till victory we obtain!

SONG.

(Generally sung by Angns and Chorus.)

"SCOTS WHA HAE WI' WALLACE BLEED."

(During the third verse all kneel and swear.)

Battle Music. The Scottish party now range up the L. H. of stage: the English, with all the chiefs, enter at R. H., and range up the R. H. General battle—all fight off—Walter seen on bridge from L. H., with banner, followed by Jackstone—Bagster meets him on the opposite side—Walter jumps down, and is followed by Jackstone, a few

blows piss—Bagster rushes down the Rake, and wounds him in the arm—he turns, and gives him a blow with the banner pole, which sends him off, while Angus enters and fights off with Jackstone—Walter being disabled with his left arm, stoops and seizes the banner with his teeth, and grasping the sword in his right hand, ascends the Raking piece R. H.—general fight across. Bruce with Aymer, Angus and Hastings. Kirkpatrick with Jackstone, Geordy with Bagster. Aymer killed. The English submit.

Ang. Joy, noble Bruce, the enemy are routed—legions are routed—and the rest seek safety in disgraceful flight.

Bru. Welcome, noble Angus—brave Kirkpatrick. But where is Walter ! should the standard be disgraced ?

(Shouts, drums.)

Enter Walter Ross, both his arms cut in twain, and bearing the flag of the standard in his teeth—Alexandra following, with her sword and shield raised, as if she had been defending him—Walter staggers forward towards Bruce, who gently takes the banner from his mouth—Walter falls dead—Jane and Child enter L E. L. H. She kneels and raises his head on her knee as she bends over him, weeping—while the child lays his head on his breast.

Bru. There fell one of Scotland's heroes ! Now, my countrymen, since heaven has blest our arms with victory, on this very spot, still streaming with the blood of the invaders, lets us return thanks to that Power, without whose aid victory had never been ours !

All kneel. Curtain, slowly. Slow music.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

Scotch soldiers.

Scotch soldiers.

English, dead.

Dead.

Dead.

Dead.

Dead.

Dead. Bagster, dead.

Hastings.

Kirkpatrick.

Angus.

Bruce. Alexandra.

Jackstone, dead.

Walter, Jane, kneeling.

Aymer, dead.

Child.

